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The Carolyn Wells Year Book

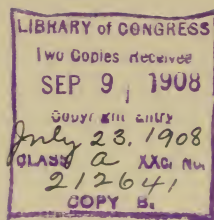
OF

Old Favorites and New Fancies
for 1909

Pictures for Each Month by MRS. M. E. LEONARD,
with Cover and 12 Sketches by MISS BERTHA STUART,
and Further Pictures by C. DE FORNARO,
OLIVER HERFORD, and STROTHMANN



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY



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BY

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

The pictures for the months by Mrs. M. E. Leonard,
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Published September, 1908



TO
MY BEST BELOVED COUSIN
Sydney Smyth

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General Misinformation.

ECLIPSES.

As usual, there are no real good eclipses in 1909. From childhood, we have turned each year to the first pages of the almanac in hope of a good rousing eclipse, only to find that of the three or four miserable little affairs offered, most are annular eclipses or lunar appulses (whatever they are!), and are visible only from uninhabited and inaccessible islands in the Pacific ocean. This year is no exception.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS.

The legal holidays in the United States are badly distributed, and they ought to be shuffled and dealt again. February 12th and 22d are too near together, and it's a bad month to go holidaying anyhow. In June, August, and October, the most desirable months for picnicking, there are no holidays. All summer, from July 4th till Labor Day, life is an unbroken grind.

FIXED AND MOVABLE FEASTS.

Fixed Feasts are Afternoon Teas, Public Dinners, and Wedding Breakfasts.

Movable Feasts are those eaten at sea.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Dominical Letters, T. R.

Golden Number, 23.

Rates of Postage. (Revised.)

First Class: Polite Literature, Love Letters, Valentines, Certified Checks, Money Orders, and Invitations to Dinner, 2 c. per oz.

Second Class: Most Newspapers and nearly all Magazines, when mailed by the Public, 1 c. per 4 oz.

Third Class: Novels, Nature Books, Circulars, Plants, 1 c. per 2 oz.

Fourth Class: Merchandise, Hats, Chinaware, Dress Samples, Notions, 1 c. per oz.

Unfit for the Mails: Bills Payable, Duns, Begging Letters.

Morning and Evening Stars.

(See Dramatic Notes.)

Table of the Metric System.

Ten mills make one million.

Ten millions make one millionaire.

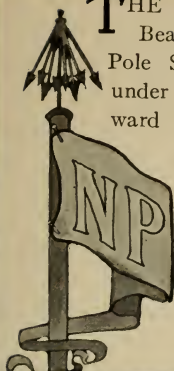
Ten millionaires make one Oil Company.

New Lamps for Old is the watchword of the day, and so we present herewith the new Zodiac, now for the first time given to the Public.

It is an improvement in every way upon its predecessor, and will well repay thoughtful study.

Time's Resolutions.

“GOOD gracious me!” said Father Time,
As he heard the pealing midnight chime,
“That’s the end of 1908
And 1909 is now the date.
Ho! Paper and pens,” to his page he spake,
“My good resolutions I must make.
For with every new year it devolves
On me to make some fresh resolves.
Now, of late, I’ve heard many people scold
Because I’ve persisted in making them old.
And as by their sorrow my heart is wrung,
I’ll resolve hereafter to make them young.
There’s another thing at which they rebel,—
They often say, angrily, ‘Time will tell!’
So I now resolve that I never again
Will tell a thing to mortal men.
And then they have placed me under a ban
Because Tide and I will wait for no man.
Now, of course, for Tide I can not speak,
But hereafter I’ll wait for a man a week.
Then there are some who think it wrong
Because so slowly I drag along;
So I’ll resolve to hasten my gait
And hurry on at a rapid rate.
But there are others who are downcast
Because, they say, I fly so fast!
Oh, deary me! What can I do?
I can’t go fast and slowly too.
Well, the resolutions these people make,
The very next day they’re sure to break.
The whole thing a useless farce I call,
And I think I won’t make any at all!”



THE Zodiacal sign for January is the Polar Bear, and it marks the conjunction of the Pole Star and Ursa Major. Those born under this sign will have fortunes of an upward tendency, and will be successful as Wall Street speculators. Also, those whose nativity is under this sign, would do well to adopt Arctic Exploring as a profession, or to become dealers in bear-skin rugs.

We don't know who were born in this month, but we think Peary and several drum-majors.

JANUARY



Maxims for the New Year.

A man is known by the resolutions he keeps.

A little New Year is a dangerous thing.

Celebration is the thief of time.

Only a fool never minds his change.

The patient restaurant waiter is no loser.

A bird in the hand is as good as a feast.

Money makes the time go.

One touch of New Year's makes the whole world kin.

Abstinence will happen in the best-regulated families.

One swallow does not make the world go round.

A fool and his money corrupt good manners.

A rolling gait gathers remorse.

Let us eat, drink, and be married, for to-morrow we dye.

JANUARY 1-2, 1909

THE TUTOR

A TUTOR who tooted the flute,
Tried to teach two young tutors to toot ;
Said the two to the tutor,
“ Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot ? ”

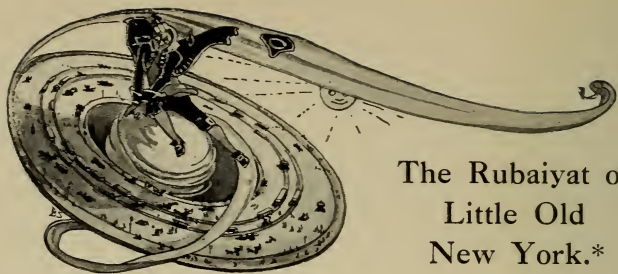
THE 4 : 04 TRAIN

“ THERE’S a train at 4 : 04,” said Miss Jenny ;
“ Four tickets I’ll take. Have you any ? ”
Said the man at the door :
“ Not four for 4 : 04,
For four for 4 : 04 is too many. ”

FRI. 1

New Year's Day.

SAT. 2



The Rubaiyat of Little Old New York.*

WAKE, for the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars who loitered homeward through the Night,
Drives Night along with them, and boldly strikes
The Flatiron Building with a Shaft of Light.

Now the New Year reviving old Resolves,
The thoughtful Soul much Good Intent evolves;
Then the Glad Hand of some Convivial Friend,
Puts out, and once again the World Revolves.

Think, in this batter'd, beautiful Broadway,
Whose Portals bid you Welcome, Night and Day,
How many a Politician with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

Each Morn a thousand Pleasures brings, you say;
Yes, but where goes the Fun of Yesterday?
And the first Summer month of Kaltenborn
Shall take Damrosch and Butterfly away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Miss Maud Adams or with Mr. Drew?
Let the Tragedians bluster as they will,
Or Soubrettes call to Supper—heed not you.

Indeed, the Horse Show's gone, with all its clothes,
And Barnum's three-ring'd circus, no one knows;
But still Diana poses as a Vane,
And many a Spectacle the Garden shows.

I sometimes think that never blows so sweet
The Rose, as on the Stands along the street;
(See following week.)

* Copyright, 1904, by Life Publishing Co.

JANUARY 3-9, 1909

SUN. 3

MON. 4

TUES. 5

WED. 6

THUR. 7

FRI. 8

SAT. 9

The Rubaiyat of Little Old New York—(Continued).

And every Hyacinth and Daffodil
The Florist's windows show, we love to Greet.

A Book of Verses or of Prose, maybe,
Some Pictures now and then, to go and see;
Caruso singing in the Opera—
New York were Paradise enow for me.

Perhaps a Musicale at half-past Three;
Thin Bread and Butter, and a cup of Tea;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

Indeed, indeed, the Broadway cars of yore
Were often blocked at Grand Street, or before;
And then, and then came Spring, and like as not
We'd be held up for twenty minutes more!

Why, if a Man can fling his Haste aside,
And daily in the air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In the close Subway stifling to abide?

Whose secret Presence, through the City's veins,
Running Quicksilver-like its metal trains:
Bringing all shapes from Harlem and The Bronx;
They change at City Hall—but It remains.

When you and I have passed away for aye,
Oh, but the long, long while New York shall stay,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As Automobiles heed the men they slay.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary smell
Of Gasoline. A whirr, a toot, a yell—
And Lo! The Automobile has gone by.
The Nothing it ran over? Wot t' ell!

Ah, Love, could You and I make it our Biz
To grasp this sorry Town of Whirr and Whiz;
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it just exactly as it is?

Tamam.

JANUARY 10-16, 1909

SUN. 10.....

MON. 11.....

TUES. 12.....

WED. 13.....

THUR. 14.....

FRI. 15.....

SAT. 16.....

Recent Scientific Progress and Invention.

A CLEVER young inventor has turned his talent to good account in making a virtue of necessity.

He buys up a quantity of necessities, which may be had at a low price in any department store.

These he makes into virtues, and so great is the demand at present for this line of goods, that he has no difficulty in disposing of his wares.

This industry, advanced to proper proportions, will fill a long-felt want.

Among other rapid strides made by the great science of applied electricity is a contrivance for the production of electric-light verse. At a low operating cost, light verse can be produced that is said to exceed in power and brilliancy all others in the market. The machine is provided with a condenser and an adjustable meter.

An improved rapid-fire gun nas already had its patent applied for. As its name indicates, this invention is for the purpose of shooting the rapids, and will doubtless prove to be a decided improvement on the old-fashioned barrel.

An enterprising nurseryman is making a specialty of the cultivation of the ambush. Heretofore, the wild and uncultivated specimens of this valuable bush have afforded but scanty protection to our brave soldiers. The fine, improved plants now offered should find a ready market among the dealers in army supplies. The new ambushes are warranted hardy, impenetrable, and capable of transplantation to any climate.

JANUARY 17-23, 1909

SUN. 17

MON. 18

TUES. 19

WED. 20

THUR. 21

FRI. 22

SAT. 23



The Spelling Lesson.*

WHEN Venus said: "Spell *no* for me,"
"N-O," Dan Cupid wrote with glee,
And smiled at his success;
"Ah, child," said Venus, laughing low,
"We women do not spell it so,
We spell it Y-E-S."

* Picture and verses from *Idle Idyls*. Copyright, 1900, by Dodd Mead and Company.

JANUARY 24-30, 1909

SUN. 24.....

MON. 25.....

TUES. 26.....

WED. 27.....

THUR. 28.....

FRI. 29.....

SAT. 30.....

Stage Whispers.

DEADHEADS tell no tales.

Stars are stubborn things.

All's not bold that titters.

Contracts make cowards of us all.

One good turn deserves an encore.

A little actress is a dangerous thing.

It's a long skirt that has no turning.

Stars rush in where angels fear to tread.

Managers never hear any good of themselves.

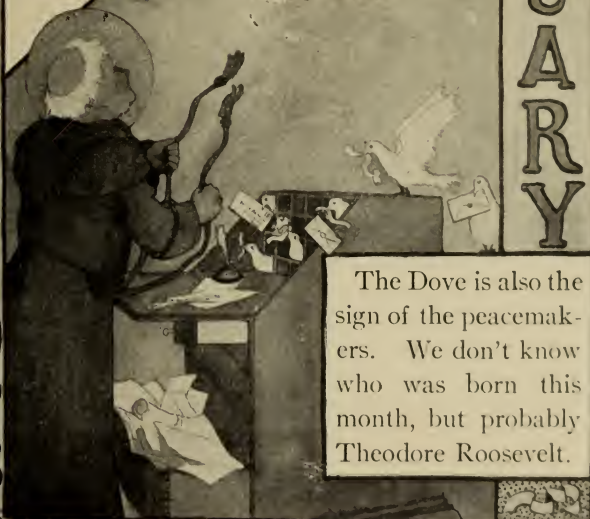
A manager is known by the company he keeps.

A plot is not without honor save in comic opera.

Take care of the dance and the songs will take care of themselves.

THE Zodiacal sign for February is the Turtle Dove. Those born under this sign are of amatory tendencies and affectionate disposition. This is a good month to marry, in which case the Zodiacal sign is called the Ring Dove.

FEBRUARY



The Dove is also the sign of the peacemakers. We don't know who was born this month, but probably Theodore Roosevelt.

N'Yawk's de Place !

A Rondeau.

N'YAWK'S de place! Why people go
To foreign cities, *I* don' know.
Why, they ain't nothin' can compare
Wid our teayters anywhere,
An' ain't our goils de peaches, though?

Them London buildins' awful low;
An' Paris—that ain't such a show!
Why, nothin's doin' over there—
N'Yawk's de place!

Gee! In N'Yawk's dere's nothin' slow;
An' say, N'Yawkers' got de dough!
Our gents have such a bossy air,
An' loidies—dey is swells fer fair!
An' ain't Broadway the greatest! oh,
N'Yawk's de place!

JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 6, 1909

SUN. 31

MON. 1

TUES. 2

WED. 3

THUR. 4

FRI. 5

SAT. 6

Lincoln's Birthday.

ALL Americans love, honor, and revere Abraham Lincoln for his nobility of character, his splendid statesmanship, his rugged honesty of purpose, his great work of abolition, and, finally, his martyrdom. But after reverently subscribing to all of these, let us add one more leaf, tiny though it be, to his laurel wreath. Abraham Lincoln had a wonderful sense of humor. He loved a joke better than any other President, and this trait in no way detracted from the grandeur of his nature.

FEBRUARY 7-13, 1909

SUN. 7

MON. 8

TUES. 9

WED. 10

THUR. 11

FRI. 12

Lincoln's Birthday.

SAT. 13



Old Valentines.

HOW rapidly Time shifts the scene.
Again it is St. Cupid's day,
And I must send to my Rosine
A gorgeous valentine bouquet.
Last year I sent the same to May—
Heigh-ho! I've led a blithe career—
They'd make a rather long array,
My valentines of yester-year.

In years beginning with 18—
I was unfettered, free, and gay;
Each maiden seemed to me a queen,
And to each one my court I'd pay.
Now I'm engaged. Ah, well-away!
Rosina *is* a perfect dear,
But I would better not display
My valentines of yester-year.

No memories shall come between
My love and me. And I'll essay
To keep her life calm and serene,
And love her when she's old and gray:
Her lightest wish I will obey,
But still—I hope she'll never hear
Those verses that I wrote in play,
My valentines of yester-year.

L'Envoi.

Cupid, my secrets ne'er betray,
Let me not realize my fear;
And may they be destroyed, I pray,
My valentines of yester-year.

FEBRUARY 14-20, 1909

SUN. 14

St. Valentine's Day.

MON. 15

TUES. 16

WED. 17

THUR. 18

FRI. 19

SAT. 20

That Cherry Tree.*

YOU'VE heard o'er and o'er
 Descriptions galore
Of General Washington's glory;
 But I'll tell you, forsooth,
 A tale of his youth,
A hitherto unwritten story.

When George was a boy,
 It was his great joy
To save up the pennies he got
 In order to buy
 On Fourth of July
Some firecrackers, powder and shot.

Now of course, as you know,
 This was long, long ago,
But we were a lusty young nation;
 And the Fourth of July
 Wasn't let to go by
Without a good big celebration.

One day, we are told,
 When about eight years old,
George hadn't a cent in his pocket;
 The holiday came,
 And to his great shame
He couldn't buy pinwheel or rocket.

(See next week for conclusion.)

*Copyright, 1900, by The Youth's Companion.

FEBRUARY 21-27, 1909

SUN. 21

MON. 22

Washington's Birthday.

TUES. 23

WED. 24

THUR. 25

FRI. 26

SAT. 27

That Cherry Tree—(*Continued*).

But suddenly he
Bethought, with a tree
A fire he could make and be merry;
He soon chopped one down,
'Twas the pride of the town,
His kind father's favorite cherry!

A bonfire he made
To greet the parade
On the night of the Fourth of July;
When his father said, "Son!
Oh, what have you done?"
George said, "I *cannot* tell a lie.

"I chopped down your tree,
Because,—daddy, you see,
No fireworks at all could I get."
His kind father smiled,
And said, "My dear child,
I think you'll be President yet!"

Now this tale *may* be true,
But between me and you,
They didn't keep Fourth of July
When George was a youth.
If he vouched for its truth
I fear he *was* telling a lie.

THE Zodiacal sign for March is the March Hare.

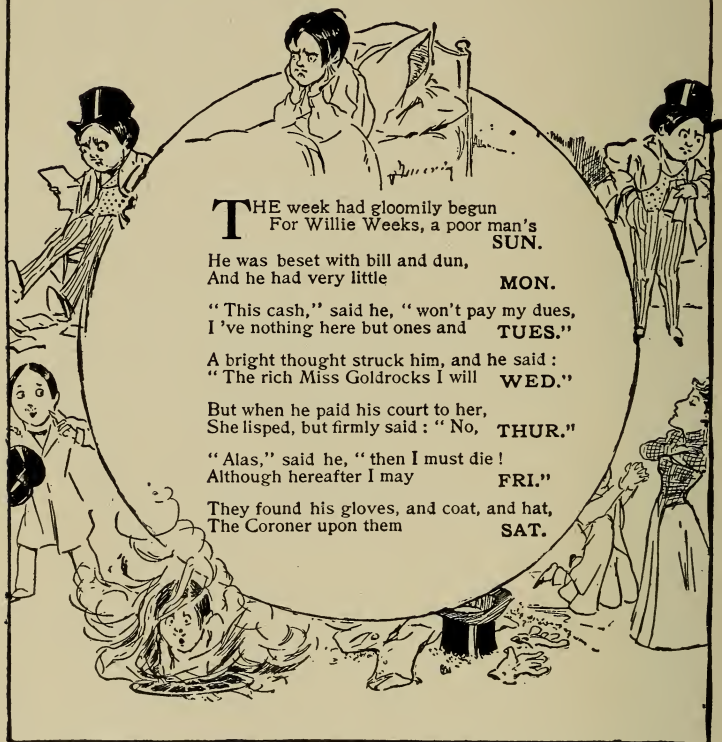
We don't know who was born in this month, but probably all Hatters (especially Ladies' Hatters) and most poets. A poet born this month, no matter how mad he is, may come in like a lion, and be treated as such by the best society. Or, again, he may go out like a lamb, and get fleeced in Wall Street.

The March Hare, though a mythical character, is symbolical, and people born under this sign are often clever enough to steal a march.

MARCH



A Penitential Week



THE week had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and
TUES."

A bright thought struck him, and he said :
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will
WED."

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said : "No,
THUR."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die !
Although hereafter I may
FRI."

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat,
The Coroner upon them
SAT.

From Idle Idyls. Copyright, 1900, by Dodd Mead and Company.

FEBRUARY 28-MARCH 6, 1909

SUN. 28

MON. 1

TUES. 2

WED. 3

Ash Wednesday.

THUR. 4

FRI. 5

SAT. 6

Financial Assurance.

INVESTIGATION is the thief of crime.

A STOCK EXCHANGE is no robbery

A PENNY shaved is two earned.

GRAFT levels all ranks.

THE root of money is the love of all evil.

WHERE ignorance pays best, 'tis folly to get wise.

MANY hands make light-fingered work.

A PROFIT is not without honor, save in Wall Street.

A NEW boom sweeps clean.

A MAN with a pull is worth two with a push.

IT is more blessed to give than to rebate.

A LITTLE system is a dangerous thing.

PRESIDENTS will happen in the best-regulated companies.

A MAN is known by the Company he floats.

TAKE care of the books and the funds will take care of themselves.

MONOPOLY is the best policy.

A GOOD graft is rather to be chosen than great riches.

THERE'S no tool like an old fool.

DON'T kill the goose that buys the golden brick.

ONLY a fool never changes his mine.

IT is not good for man to make a loan.

HE grafts best whose graft lasts.

THE wages of syndicate is debt.

MARCH 7-13, 1909

SUN. 7

MON. 8

TUES. 9

WED. 10

THUR. 11

FRI. 12

SAT. 13



St. Patrick's Day.

SAINT PATRICK was a noble saint, a noble saint was he;
But why he's celebrated, is a mystery to me.
I've hunted long and patiently through many a dusty book,
But can't find where he used to live, or how he used to look.
Of course I know tradition says that he invented snakes;
(Or else the snakes invented him,—small difference it makes!)
But no one cares for history in the bustle of to-day,
So never mind his origin, St. Patrick's here to stay.
In honor of no other Saint, such fine parades are seen;
So, Hail to old St. Patrick! and the Wearin' of the Green!

MARCH 14-20, 1909

SUN. 14

MON. 15

TUES. 16

WED. 17

St. Patrick's Day.

THUR. 18

FRI. 19

SAT. 20

Tips For Investors.

TINNED-BEEF dealers should buy Can. Pac.

Inmates of an insane asylum, Am. Loco.

A new policeman, Greene Cop.

The man who didn't win, Am. Beet.

The bunco man, Con. Gas.

The grafter, U. S. Steel.

The elevated-road conductor, Mong. Shosh. Con.

The Broadway squad, Majestic Copper.

The spinster, Man. Beach.

The new arrival, Un. Pac.

The burglar's child, Pa. Steel.

The sweet young thing, Am. Sugar.

The Boston Culture Club, Mass. Gas.

The convivialist, City Ry.

The Pittsburg man, go to Maryland and Wash.

MARCH 21-27, 1909

SUN. 21

MON. 22

TUES. 23

WED. 24

THUR. 25

FRI. 26

SAT. 27

The Financial Vampire.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

A FOOL there was, and he bought some stock.
(Even as you and I!)
He was told it was strong as eternal rock;
(We called him a lamb of the newest flock)
But the fool he bought an enormous block
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the risks we take and the deals we make,
And the spoil of our head and hand,
Belong to the Magnate who knew too much,
(And now we know that he knew too much)
But we didn't understand.

A fool there was and his stock he sold,
(Even as you and I!)
And then, with a bound, it upward rolled,
(At the word of the Magnate who controlled)
But the fool was scared and his feet got cold,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent gains we planned,
Belong to the Magnate who knew too much,
(And now we know that he knew too much)
But we didn't understand.

A fool there was and his stock he held,
(Even as you and I!)
And the price went down like a tree that's felled,
(Yet somehow the Magnate's surplus swelled),
But Ruin for that same fool was spelled,
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the dross and it isn't the loss
That stings like a redhot brand,
It's coming to know that we don't know much,
(Seeing at last we can never know much),
And never can understand.



APRIL.



FOR April the Zodiacal sign is the Donkey, who is the April Fool of the animal kingdom. He doesn't even know enough to go in when it rains. Men born under this sign are stubborn and difficult to manage, and are often known as kickers. Ladies born under this sign are given to sudden bursts of tears, followed quickly by sunshiny smiles. They, too, are sometimes high kickers. In this month April Hopes abound, and are largely indulged in by April Fools. There's no fool like an April Fool.



April Fool.

THE rain came down in torrents,
And Mabel said, "O Dear!
I'll have to wear my waterproof,
And rubbers, too, I fear."

So, carefully protected,
She started off to school;
When suddenly the sun came out
And chuckled, "April Fool!"

MARCH 28-APRIL 3, 1909

SUN. 28

MON. 29

TUES. 30

WED. 31

THUR. 1

All Fools' Day.

FRI. 2

SAT. 3

Lent.

THE World said: "You look tired, Old Chap."
"Yes," said the Devil, "Methinks
It must be time for my annual nap,—
I'll just take forty winks."

A Universal Error.

NOW here's a thing that puzzles me,
A grave mistake it seems to be;
Why do we say our years are spent,
When part of every one is Lent?

APRIL 4-10, 1909

SUN. 4

MON. 5

TUES. 6

WED. 7

THUR. 8

FRI. 9

Good Friday.

SAT. 10

An Easter Bonnet.*

ONCE there was an Easter bonnet
With some wings and feathers on it,
And a tiny, shiny buckle in a bit of ribbon shirred.
Said the ladies, "Please inform us
Why its bill is so enormous,"
And that foolish little Easter bonnet thought it was a bird!

It slyly watched its chances,
And, escaping people's glances,
It flew straight out the window and it lighted on a tree.
With fear its wings were quaking
And its little frame was shaking,
But it sat there smiling bravely though 'twas frightened as could
be.

Said the birds, "You're of our feather,
Come and let us flock together."
But the bonnet answered proudly, "I'm exclusive and select;
And although I could be pleasant
To an ostrich or a pheasant,
For me to herd with common birds you really can't expect."

Said a hunter, "This is pretty,
I will take it home to Kitty,"
Then he aimed his gun and shot it, and it fell without a word.
Then it gave a final flutter,
And pertly seemed to mutter,
"Well, after all, I'd rather be a Bonnet than a Bird."



*From Idle Idyls. Copyright, 1900, by Dodd Mead and Company.

APRIL 11-17, 1909

SUN. 11

Easter.

MON. 12

TUES. 13

WED. 14

THUR. 15

FRI. 16

SAT. 17

Æsop Up to Date.

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL OF MILK.

A MILKMAID having been a Good Girl for a long Time, and Careful in her Work, her mistress gave her a Pail of New Milk all for herself.

With the Pail on her Head she tripped Gayly away to the Market, saying to Herself:

“How Happy I am! For this Milk I shall get a Shilling; and with that Shilling I shall buy Twenty of the Eggs Laid by our Neighbor’s fine Fowls. These Eggs I shall put under Mistress’s old Hen, and even if only Half of the Chicks grow up and Thrive before next Fair time comes Round, I shall be able to Sell them for a Good Guinea. Then I shall Buy me a Monte Carlo Coat and an Ermine Stole, and I will Look so Bewitching that Robin will Come Up and Offer to be Friends again. But I won’t make up Too Easily; when he Brings me Violets, I shall Toss My Head So-and——”

Here the Milkmaid gave her Head the Toss she was thinking about, and the Pail of Milk was Dislodged from its resting-Place on her Head.

But, being a Member of a Ladies’ Physical Culture Club, she Deftly Caught the Pail and Replaced It.

All Turned Out as she had planned, and when Robin married her he gave her an Electric Automobile.

MORAL:

Don’t Discount Your Chickens Before they are Hatched.

APRIL 18-24, 1909

SUN. 18

MON. 19

TUES. 20

WED. 21

THUR. 22

FRI. 23

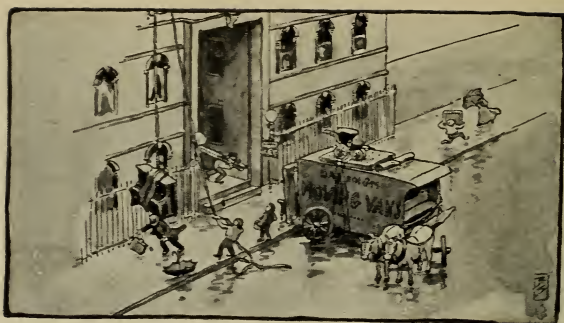
SAT. 24

Ode to Spring.

HAIL, gentle Spring, and rain, and snow!
And let thy wild nor'westers blow.
Bring us the damp and drizzling days,
With intermittent sunny rays.
Let sickly daisies crown thy hills,
And unsuccessful daffodils;
Let all the streets be mud and mire,
And let us hover round the fire,
While we the truth about thee sing,
Uncertain, disappointing Spring!

MAY is the month of organ-grinders, and the Monkey is the Zodiacal sign. Those born this month show a remarkable reversion to type, and sometimes betray their Simian origin. Also, they are apt to have a fad of collecting coins. We don't know who was born this month, but probably Darwin was. People born in May are apt to be of a restless, roving temperament, and often prefer moving to paying rent. The first of the month they fold their beds like the Arabs (*cf.* Folding Bedouins), and noisily steal away.





To Move, or Not to Move (May 1st).

TO move, or not to move: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis better in this flat to suffer
 The slings and arrows of an outraged landlord,
 Or to take one with seven light rooms in Harlem,
 Without an elevator.

To pack, to move;
 No more; and by that move to say we end
 The subway jar and other natural shocks
 This flat is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To pack, to move;
 To move perchance to worse! Ay, there's the rub;
 For in that Harlem flat what ills may come
 When we have given up this present lease,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes this Home, Sweet Home, so hard a life;
 For who would bear the troubles of a flat,
 The janitor's tongue, the proud cook's contumely,
 The smells of others' meals, the milk's delay,
 The violence of tradesmen, the steam heat
 (That always is too little or too much),
 When he himself might a quietus have
 In a small boarding-house? Who'd stay here in gloom
 But that the dread of Harlem, far away,
 That undiscovered country where is born
 The frisky goat, and sad-faced straphanger
 Traveling hours on end, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather keep the flat we have
 Than move to others that we know not of.
 Thus moving-day makes cowards of us all,
 And thus the happy thought of better quarters
 Is sicklied o'er with thought of broken things
 When enterprising movers pitch and tumble
 The barreled bric-a-brac and boxed-up glass,
 And we dare not bring action!

APRIL 25-MAY 1, 1909

SUN. 25

MON. 26

TUES. 27

WED. 28

THUR. 29

FRI. 30

SAT. 1

To a Milkmaid.*



I HAIL thee, O Milkmaid!
Goddess of the gaudy morn, Hail!
Across the mead tripping,
Invariably across the mead tripping,
The merry mead with cowslips blooming,
With daisies blooming,
The Milkmaid also more or less blooming!
I hail thee, O Milkmaid!
I recognize the value of thy pail in literature
and art.
What were a pastoral poet without thee?
Oh, I know thee, Milkmaid!
I hail thy jaunty juvenescence.
I know thy eighteen summers and thy
eternal springs.
Ay, I know thy trials!
I know how thou art outspread over pastoral
poetry.

Rampant, ubiquitous, inevitable, thy riotings in pastoral poetry.
And in masterpieces of pastoral art!
How oft have I seen thee sitting;
On a tri-legged stool sitting;
On the wrong side of the cow sitting;
Garbed in all thy preposterous paraphernalia.
I know thy paraphernalia—
Yea, even thy impossible milkpail and thy improbable bodice.
Short-skirted Siren!
Big-hatted Beauty!
What were the gentle spring without thee?
I hail thee!
I hail thy vernality, and I rejoice in thy hackneyed ubiquitousness.
I hail the superiority of thy inferiorness, and
I lay at thy feet this garland of gratuitous
Hails!

* From *Idle Idyls*. Copyright, 1900, by Dodd Mead and Company.

MAY 2-8, 1909

SUN. 2

MON. 3

TUES. 4

WED. 5

THUR. 6

FRI. 7

SAT. 8

A Spring Picture.

A TURNER sunset flickered on the madly scarlet hills,
And the valley had a Wordsworth atmosphere;
The babbling little brooklet ran in Tennysonian rills,
And a Rosa Bonheur cow was grazing near.

A crescent moon was floating on the Verestschagin sky,
The heavens were with Ruskin clouds o'erspread;
A lanky Burne-Jones maiden, with a halo, wandered by,
While a Millet rustic stood and hung his head.

The primrose at the old stand, blossomed by the river's brim,
A nightingale or two began to sing,
And Bouguereau's Bather murmured, as she went to take her
swim:

"I think that we shall have a Corot Spring."

MAY 9-15, 1909

SUN. 9

MON. 10

TUES. 11

WED. 12

THUR. 13

FRI. 14

SAT. 15

Specimen Page from the New Blue-ribbon Cook-book.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Select firm, plump oysters, and scallop them evenly and neatly with a pair of sharp scissors. Now, with a needle threaded with pink silk if for a pink tea, or blue if you wish Blue Points, work a button-hole stitch round the scallops. When finished, press carefully on the wrong side with a hot iron.

SHIRRED EGGS.—Carefully remove the shell from a fresh egg and hold the white and yolk firmly in the left hand. Now, with a fine needle and thread, gather the material in straight rows about half an inch apart. Draw up to the required fullness and fasten neatly the ends of thread.

FLANNEL CAKES.—These are delicious for breakfast and are simply made by cutting out circular pieces of Canton flannel. Eat with spun sugar.

SNOW PUDDING.—Take about four quarts, say four and a half, of fresh snow. Wash it in several waters, and put it to soak in hot water overnight. In the morning knead it up and set by the fire to rise. Add some melted glue and set aside to cool.

SPONGE CAKE.—Procure a large, fine sponge from a reliable druggist and soak until soft. Beat it to a froth with half its weight in butter. Add some cream. If the cream is bad, whip it. Add the juice and grated rind of two eggs, and bake constantly.

ANGEL CAKE.—First catch your angel.

JELLY CAKE.—Purchase a good jellyfish and sweeten to taste. Spread between layers of marble cake made from the best Carrara marble.

MAY 16-22, 1909

SUN. 16.....

MON. 17.....

TUES. 18.....

WED. 19.....

THUR. 20.....

FRI. 21.....

SAT. 22.....

About Abbie.

ABBIE BEN ADAMS, may her life be spared,
Awoke one night, and felt a trifle scared;
For on her shirtwaist-box, cross-legged, sate
A Vision writing on a little slate.
Exceeding nervousness made Abbie quake;
And to the Vision timidly she spake:
"What writest thou?" The Vision looked appalled
At her presumption, and quite coldly drawled:
"The list of Our Best People who depart
For watering-places sumptuous and smart."
"And am I in it?" asked Miss Abbie. "No!"
The scornful Vision said. "You're poor, you know."
"I know," said Abbie; "I go where it's cheap.
I can't afford mountains or prices steep.
But ere you leave, just jot this item down,
I never leave my cats to starve in town."
The Vision wrote, and vanished. Next night, late,
He came again, and brought his little slate,
And showed the names of people really best,
And lo! Miss Abbie's name led all the rest!

MAY 23-29, 1909

SUN. 23

MON. 24

TUES. 25

WED. 26

THUR. 27

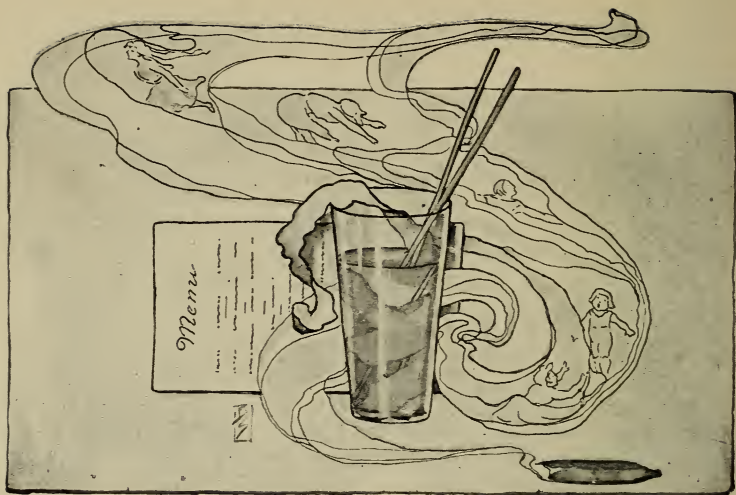
FRI. 28

SAT. 29



THE Zodiacal sign for June is the Butterfly. Those born in June are of a frivolous, careless, happy, volatile, capricious, ornamental, lightsome, gay, tricky, sportive, playful, merry, winsome, buoyant, jaunty, rollicking, frolicking disposition. The Sweet Girl Graduate is a June product, and that is why her butterfly nature demands such a large supply of flowers. There are also Sweet Boy Graduates, but they are more closely allied to the Grub. We don't know who were born in the month of the Butterfly, but probably John Luther Long and Oliver Herford.





Rubaiyat of Summer Khayyam.*

WAKE! For the summer scatters into flight
 Your wife before you to some country site;
 She'll take the children with her, and she'll leave
 The parlor furniture done up in white.

The cook indeed is gone. The waitress goes
 To-morrow. Their returning no one knows.
 But still there are cafés where one may dine,
 And some Roof Gardens have attractive shows.

Whether at Montauk Point or Babylon,
 To join your family, Fridays you must run;
 And then on Monday morning you come back,
 Tanned by the ocean breezes and the sun.

* Copyright, 1906, by The Delineator.

Rubaiyat of Summer Khayyam—(*Continued*).

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, down to the shore must wend;
 Cramped in small rooms, fed on distressing food,
Sans wine, sans song, sans dinner, and sans friend.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Summer hotels, and gladly paid the rent,
 Nor grumbled at the bill; but now I know
'Twas money most egregiously misspent.

Waste not your hour in silly, vapid talk,
Meandering up and down the long board walk.
 Better be jocund with a friend or two,
On summer nights, in Little Old New York.

And that inverted box they call your room,
Whereunder crawling, cooped, you live in gloom;
 Lift not your hands at it, for it is not
More dark or small than any other tomb.

Yesterday's roast this breakfast did prepare,
To-morrow's soup or ragout still is there;
 Eat, for you know not whence it came or why,
Eat, for you know not when you go or where.

The Bill no question makes of Ayes or Noes;
It's high or low, as your appearance goes.
 And he behind the desk, who makes it out,—
He knows how much you're worth,—he knows,—he knows!

The smiling clerk just writes, and having writ,
It's due. Nor all your bluster nor your grit
 Shall lure him back to cancel a mistake,
Nor all your rage mark off a charge of it.

Rubaiyat of Summer Khayyam—(*Continued*).

Indeed I vowed I'd never go there more;
I swore (but was I sober when I swore?),
And then my wife wrote up, and I went down,
Exactly as I went the week before.

Would but some wingéd angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded roll of fate,
And all those Summer Hotels by the Sea
Wipe out, expunge and quite obliterate.

Ah, Love, could you and I but have our say,
About this sorry scheme of Summers gay;
We'd shatter it to little bits and then
Re-mould it nearer to dear old Broadway.

MAY 30-JUNE 5, 1909

SUN. 30

Memorial Day.

MON. 31

TUES. 1

WED. 2

THUR. 3

FRI. 4

SAT. 5

The Sophisticated Maiden.

A YOUNG man and a maiden were betrothed.

“Dearest one,” said the young man, “I love thee. So great is my devotion that if another should but cast loving glances at thee, a fearsome thing would happen.”

“What might it be?” quoth the maiden.

“Even that I would kill him. Dost believe me?”

“Nay,” quoth the maiden.

“Nay? But I protest to thee, I vow, I swear, that if another were to make love to thee, his life should pay forfeit! By yonder moon, I swear! Dost believe me now?”

“Nay,” quoth the maiden.

“Now, what meanest thou? Why believest thou not that I would kill the dastard villain?”

“Because,” quoth the maiden, “thou wouldst not know aught about it.”

JUNE 6-12, 1909

SUN. 6

MON. 7

TUES. 8

WED. 9

THUR. 10

FRI. 11

SAT. 12

Disintegration of Peggy.

WHILE the moon shone fair above,
Jack told Peggy of his love.
With a blush of shy surprise,
Pretty Peggy dropped her eyes.

Very fortunately, Jack
Picked them up and put them back;
But, so inexperienced was he,
Peggy's face fell suddenly.

Rescuing the pretty face,
Jack returned it to its place.
At the flattering words he said,
Pretty Peggy lost her head.

Diligently hunting round,
Soon the head by Jack was found.
Worn out by her own caprices,
Pretty Peg went all to pieces.

Then, as might have been expected,
Patient Jack the bits collected;
When new sorrows filled his cup—
Pretty Peg was all broke up.

Vainly then the lover strove
For to reconstruct his love.
Unto fate he bowed his neck—
Peggy was a total wreck.

JUNE 13-19, 1909

SUN. 13

MON. 14

TUES. 15

WED. 16

THUR. 17

FRI. 18

SAT. 19

Cupid's Failure.

CUPID, one day, in idle quest,
 Fitted a dainty dart
And aimed it at Priscilla's breast,
 To strike Priscilla's heart.

Clean through it went, no heart was there;
 Said Cupid, "I believe
Priscilla's just the girl to wear
 Her heart upon her sleeve."

But there, alack! it was not found;
 "Aha!" cried Cupid, "note
Her frightened air; now I'll be bound
 Her heart is in her throat."

Failure again. On slender chance
 He one more arrow shoots;
Assuming from her downcast glance,
 Her heart is in her boots.

Foiled, Cupid threw aside his bow;
 "She has no heart," said he.
(He did not know that long ago
 She gave her heart to me.)

JUNE 20-26, 1909

SUN. 20

MON. 21

TUES. 22

WED. 23

THUR. 24

FRI. 25

SAT. 26

THE Zodiacal sign for July is the Eagle. All Americans agree that the Eagle is the whole scream, and all small boys born this month consider themselves very lucky to be alive. Patriotic citizens celebrate the Fourth of July, but anxious mothers celebrate the Fifth of July, if their children are still alive. On Independence Day the American Eagle is at home, and offers his guests firecrackers and gunpowder tea. In the evening are displayed fireworks followed by waterworks.



The Summer School of Philosophy.

ONE touch of sunburn makes the whole world skin.

The Summer Girl makes cowards of us all.

The proof of the picnic is in the eating.

Surf bathing levels all ranks.

There's no fool like a summer fool.

Flirting is its own reward.

A hand in the hand is worth two in the gloves.

A little Summer Girl is a dangerous thing.

Seaside communications corrupt good manners.

Absence makes the heart go yonder.

Hilarity covers a multitude of sins.

Faint heart never won four ladies.

Money makes the time go.

Take care of the tents and the towns will take care of themselves.

Two chaperons are better than one.

A man is known by the secrets he keeps.

Nice men tell no tales.

In a multitude of Summer Girls there is safety.

It's a long head that has no turning.

It's a sea breeze that blows nobody good.

JUNE 27-JULY 3, 1909

SUN. 27

MON. 28

TUES. 29

WED. 30

THUR. 1

FRI. 2

SAT. 3



Fourth of July, 1909.

COME on, my dear children, now let's have some fun,
These big cannon crackers go off like a gun.
What? You've put your left eye out? What matters an eye
To one who would celebrate Fourth of July!

Now fire off your rifles, and set off your bombs,
Don't mind if you do lose some fingers and thumbs.
What? You've shattered your arm? Tie it up in a sling.
Don't stop the proceedings for such a small thing.

And now for the cannon, and now for the shell;
The day is progressing exceedingly well.
What's that? Little Johnny has blown off an ear?
Well, such things will happen. Don't cry so, my dear.

These jumbo torpedoes go off mighty loud,
Let's fire one right down in the midst of the crowd.
What shrieking and howling! Are many hurt? Yes?
Well, this celebration has been a success!

JULY 4-10, 1909

SUN. 4

Independence Day.

MON. 5

TUES. 6

WED. 7

THUR. 8

FRI. 9

SAT. 10

Proverbial Patriotism.

ACCIDENTS will happen in the best-regulated fireworks.

A shot in the hand is worth two in the gun.

A little burning is a dangerous thing.

He who shoots and runs away may live to shoot another day.

Never look a gift cannon in the mouth.

A penny saved is two burned.

Cannon crackers alter faces.

One good burn deserves another.

Patriotism covers a multitude of sins.

Whosoever thy hand findeth to shoot, shoot with thy might.

It's an ill bomb that blows up nobody good.

It's a wise father that knows his own child—the day after.

Uneasy lies the head that wears bandages.

A living boy is better than a dead patriot.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can't fire to-night.

Celebration is the thief of time.

All's not cold that smoulders.

A good aim is rather to be chosen than great stitches.

Insurance is the best policy.

A new bomb sweeps clean.

Dead boys tell no tales.

JULY 11-17, 1909

SUN. 11

MON. 12

TUES. 13

WED. 14

THUR. 15

FRI. 16

SAT. 17

A Warning to the Summer Girl.*

O H, you Summer Girl!
You ridiculous, absurd, hackneyed, overworked, adorable Summer Girl!

You shirt-waisted goddess
And sailor-hatted sylph,
You picturesque potpourri of outing effects,
You think you're great,
Don't you?

And you are.

You're a power, and a queen, and a tyrant.

And you know it,

And you glory in it.

And I don't blame you.

I think you're all right myself.

But—

Although you rule your young men,

Your swains and gallants, and cavaliers—

Although you think

All mankind bow beneath your sway,

It isn't true.

I defy you!

I!

I am your lord and master, and of me you are afraid;

Abjectly, shrinkingly, and shudderingly afraid.

Who am I?

I am Time, Father Time; your friend and ally now.

But remember,

I have you in my power,

Irrevocably in my power,

And at my will I can transform you into a crone,

An old, wrinkled, haggard, toothless crone.

But I won't do it—at least, not now.

For a few years I will let you defy me.

You may misuse me, waste me, and even try to kill me,

And I will only serve you faithfully in return,

And bring you triumphs and happiness.

But some day

I will steal your treasures—

Your bewitching gowns,

And coquettish hats.

Yes, and I will steal

The roses from your cheeks

And the sparkle from your eyes.

And then, milady,

What will you do?

But meanwhile, Summer Girl,

Have all the fun you can.

And now,

Run away and play.

*Copyright, 1899, by Life Publishing Co.

JULY 18-24, 1909

SUN. 18

MON. 19

TUES. 20

WED. 21

THUR. 22

FRI. 23

SAT. 24



A Tale of the Tropics.*

OH, once there was a gentleman residing in a tropic
Who had delightful impulses, humane and philanthropic.

One day, when he went out to walk, he said, conventions flouting,
"I'll take this chance to give my pet orang-outang an outing!"

And now, although I hate to drop this interesting topic,
That's all I know of this old man, humane and philanthropic.

*Verses and picture copyright, 1907, by Metropolitan Magazine.
(Drawing by C. De Fornaro.)

JULY 25-31, 1909

SUN. 25

MON. 26

TUES. 27

WED. 28

THUR. 29

FRI. 30

SAT. 31



AUGUST



THE Zodiacal sign for August is the Bee. This is doubtless because bees are the only creatures that work in August. The busy, buzzy Bee works all the time and makes a great fuss about it. The Bee has always been held up as a pattern for children to emulate, but so far it hasn't done much good. Probably under this sign were born August B. and other Captains of Industry. Old-fashioned bees, such as Apple bees, Sewing bees, etc., are never seen now; but the Busy B., indicating Busybody, is always with us.

A Vindication of the Limerick.*



THE REAL YOUNG LADY OF NIGER.

IT has been said by ignorant and undiscerning would-be critics that the Limerick is not among the classic and best forms of poetry, and, indeed, some have gone so far as to say that it is not poetry at all.

A brief consideration of its claims to preeminence among recognized forms of verse will soon convince any intelligent reader of its superlative worth and beauty.

As a proof of this, let us consider the following Limerick, which in the opinion of connoisseurs is the best one ever written:

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

* Copyright, 1906, by Harper's Magazine.

A Vindication of the Limerick—(*Continued*).

Now let us compare this exquisite bit of real poesy with what might have been if Chaucer had written the lines:

A mayde ther ben, in Niger born and bredde;
Hire merye smyle went neere aboute hire hedde.
Uponne a beeste shee rood, a tyger gaye,
And sikerly shee laughen on hire waye.



AS SHE WAS PICTURED IN CHAUCER'S DAY.

Anon, as it bifel, bak from the ryde
Ther came, his sadel hangen doone bisyde,
The tyger. On his countenaunce the whyle
Ther ben behelde a gladnesse and a smyle.

Again, if Austin Dobson had chosen to throw off the thing in triolet form:

A Vindication of the Limerick—(*Continued*).

She went for a ride,
That young lady of Niger;
Her smile was quite wide
As she went for a ride;
But she came back inside,
With the smile on the tiger!
She *went* for a ride,
That young lady of Niger.



ROSSETTI'S PROBABLE CONCEPTION OF THE STORY.

Rossetti, with his inability to refrain from refrains, might have turned out something like this:

In Niger dwelt a lady fair,
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)
Who smiled 'neath tangles of her hair,

A Vindication of the Limerick--(*Continued*).

As her steed began his steady lope.
(You like this style, I hope!)

On and on they sped and on,
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)
On and on and on and on;
(You see I've not much scope.)

E'en ere they loped the second mile,
The tiger 'gan his mouth to ope;
Anon he halted for a while;
Then went on with a pleasant smile,
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)

Omar would have looked at the situation philosophically, and would have summed up his views in some such characteristic lines as these:

Why if the Soul can fling the Dust aside
And smiling, on a Tiger blithely ride,
Were't not a Shame,—were't not a Shame for him
In stupid Niger tamely to abide?

Strange, is it not? that of the Myriads who
Before us rode the Sandy Desert through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we ride smiling, too.

We are no other than a moving Row
Of Magic Niger-shapes that come and go
Round with the Smile-illumined Tiger held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

Tennyson would have seen a dramatic opportunity, and would have gloried in his chance, thus:

A Vindication of the Limerick—(Continued).

Half a league, half a league,
On the big tiger,
Rode with a smiling face
The lady of Niger.



“MAD RUSHED THE NOBLE STEED.”

Mad rushed the noble steed,
Smiled she and took no heed;
Smiled at the breakneck speed
Of the big tiger.

A Vindication of the Limerick —(*Continued*).

Boldly they plunged and swayed,
Fearless and unafraid,—
Tiger and lovely maid,
Fair and beguiling;
Flash'd she her sunny smiles,
Flash'd o'er the sunlit miles;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the same smiling!

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made,
Riding from Niger!
Honor the ride they made!
Honor the smiles displayed,
Lady and Tiger!

Kipling, of course, would have seized the theme for a fine and stirring Barrack-Room Ballad:

“What is the lady smiling for?”
Said Files-on-Parade.
“She’s going for a tiger ride,”
The Color-Sergeant said;
“What makes her smile so gay, so gay?”
Said Files-on-Parade;
“She likes to go for tiger rides,”
The Color-Sergeant said.
“For she’s riding on the tiger, you can see his stately stride;
When they’re returning home again, she’ll take a place inside;
And on the tiger’s face will be the smile so bland and wide,
But she’s riding on the tiger in the morning.”

Browning would have been pleased with the subject and would have done the best he could with it, doubtless along these lines:

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

(*The Tiger speaks.*)

I said, “Then, Dearest, since ’tis so,
Since now at length your fate you know,

A Vindication of the Limerick --(*Continued*).

Since nothing all your smile avails,
Since all your life seems meant for fails,
Henceforth you ride inside."
Who knows what's best? Ah, who can tell?
I loved the lady. Therefore,—well,—
I shuddered. Yet it had to be.
And so together, I and she
Ride, ride, forever ride.

Swinburne would have spread himself thusly:

O marvellous, mystical maiden,
With the way of the wind on the wing;
Low laughter thy lithe lips hath laden,
Thy smile is a Song of the Spring.
O typical, tropical tiger,
With wicked and wheedlesome wiles;
O lovely lost lady of Niger,
Our Lady of Smiles.

Edgar Allan Poe would have put it this way:

See the lady with a smile,
Sunny smile!
Hear her gaysome, gleesome giggle as she rides around in style!
How the merry laughter trips
From her red and rosy lips,
As she smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles,
While she rides along the dusty, desert miles.

See the tiger with a smile,
Happy smile!
If such a smile means happiness, he's happy quite a pile;
How contentedly he chuckles as he trots along the miles.
Oh, he doesn't growl or groan
As he ambles on alone,
But he smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles,
As he homeward goes along the desert miles.

And Longfellow would have given it his beautiful and clever
"Hiawatha" setting:

A Vindication of the Limerick—(*Continued*).

Oh, the fair and lovely lady;
Oh, the sweet and winsome lady;
With a smile of gentle goodness
Like the lovely Laughing Water.
Oh, the day the lovely lady
Went to ride upon a tiger.
Came the tiger, back returning,
Homeward through the dusky twilight;
Ever slower, slower, slower,
Walked the tiger o'er the landscape;
Ever wider, wider, wider,
Spread the smile o'er all his features.

And so, after numerous examples and careful consideration of this matter, we are led to the conclusion that for certain propositions the Limerick is the best and indeed the only proper vehicle of expression.

AUGUST 1-7, 1909

SUN. 1

MON. 2

TUES. 3

WED. 4

THUR. 5

FRI. 6

SAT. 7

Limericks.

A HEN who resided in Reading
Attended a gentleman's weading.
As she walked up the aisle,
The guests had to smaisle,
In spite of the tears they were sheading.

There was a young lady of Butte,
Who thought herself very acute,
That her suitor might praise her,
She gave him a razor,
Which suited her suitor hirsute.

There once was an honest old goose
Who said to her friends, "What's the use
Of pretending to know
If soda is so?
Such questions are very abstruse."

There once was an affable liar
Who sat round and smoked an old briar;
But his smile was so gracious
And his heart was so spacious
That every one loved that old liar.

AUGUST 8-14, 1909

SUN. 8

MON. 9

TUES. 10

WED. 11

THUR. 12

FRI. 13

SAT. 14

A Primer of Literature.

(*For Beginners.*)

What is the Literature of To-day?

Fiction.

How is Fiction divided?

Into Historical Novels and Nature Books.

What is an Historical Novel?

One that shows no trace of History or of Novelty.

What is a Nature Book?

A volume of misinformation about animals.

Why are Nature Books popular just now?

Because they are the fashion.

Mention some recent Nature Books.

"The Lions of the Lord," "The Purple Cow," "The Octopus,"

"The Gadfly," "The Sea Wolf," "The King's Jackal."

What are the best selling books?

Those which sell the best people.

What is a Magazine?

A small body of Literature entirely surrounded by advertisements.

Why is a comic paper so called?

Because it's so funny that anybody buys it.

What is a critic?

A Critic is a man who writes about the books he doesn't like.

What is poetry?

Lines of words ending with the same sound.

What is a Minor Poet?

A poet not yet twenty-one years of age.

What is a Major Poet?

There isn't any.

What is a Publisher?

A man who is blamed if a book doesn't sell, and ignored if it does.

What does a publisher mean by Problem Novels?

All, except Kipling's and Mrs. Humphry Ward's.

What makes a book a phenomenal success?

Much bad, much pad, and much ad.

AUGUST 15-21, 1909

SUN. 15

MON. 16

TUES. 17

WED. 18

THUR. 19

FRI. 20

SAT. 21

The Passing of the Summer Girl.



THE season is over and we must part,
Summer is ended, my pretty maid;
I bid you farewell with all my heart
And no regret may my words pervade.
Many an innocent escapade
We've had together since we've been here;
Memories haunt a certain glade,—
Where are the girls of yester-year?

You're fascinating and chic and smart,
Modishly mannered and well arrayed;
Rowing a boat or driving a cart,
Oft by your side I willingly staid.
Slyly the chaperon we'd evade,
Stealing flirtations on beach or pier;—
Oh! but such court I've often paid,—
Where are the girls of yester-year?

With wondrous grace and consummate art
Your rôle in our summer game you played;
Cleverly aiming a Cupid's dart,—
(Part of your dainty stock in trade.)
But already my fickle fancy's strayed,
No longer I cherish your souvenir,
And I view the prospect undismayed,—
Where are the girls of yester-year?

L'Envoi.

Summer Girl, lightly my heart you swayed.
"Think of you often?" Well, no, my dear,
I shall forget you, I'm afraid,—
Where are the girls of yester-year?

AUGUST 22-28, 1909

SUN. 22

MON. 23

TUES. 24

WED. 25

THUR. 26

FRI. 27

SAT. 28



SEPTEMBER

THE Zodiacal sign for September is the Oyster. People born this month are very close-mouthed and not at all talkative. Those born in September are rarely of the feminine sex. The individual born under the sign of the oyster is lazy and inclined to lie in bed all day. He is rather stupid and apt to find himself in the soup, or, at least, in hot water. He is a Hard-shell Baptist and subject to typhoid fever. Oliver Wendell Holmes said an awfully funny thing about oysters, but we have forgotten it.

An Automobile Primer.

WHAT is an Automobile?

It is an Infernal Machine used by the Classes for dealing Death to the Masses.

Whence is its Name Derived?

From Auto and Mob. Hence, an Automobilist ought to be mobbed.

What is the Difference between an Automobile and a Bunch of Violets?

The Smell.

What is an Auto-Race?

A Race of Men who Drive Automobiles.

What do they Look like?

Like a Wild Man of Borneo disguised as an Esquimau.

What are they called?

Chauffeurs.

Why?

Because they show Furs in all sorts of Weather or Climate.

What is the Difference between an Automobile and Beau Brummel?

Beau Brummel was a Lady-Killer, but an Automobile will kill Anybody.

What follows the Automobile?

The Autopsy.

AUGUST 29-SEPTEMBER 4, 1909

SUN. 29

MON. 30

TUES. 31

WED. 1

THUR. 2

FRI. 3

SAT. 4

A Modern Damosel.

THE Blessed Damosel leaned out
From a motor-car at even;
She promised when she left her home
She would be back by seven.
And now, long miles from anywhere,
'Twas quarter-past eleven.

Her coat was mud from clasp to hem,
Her chiffon veil was torn;
Her goggles and her motor-hood
All crookedly were worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Looked perfectly forlorn.

"I wish the old machine would go!
Why won't it go?" she cried;
"Have you not cranked it thoroughly,
And oiled it well beside?
I'm sure you could have made it go
If you had only tried!"

She gazed at him, and then remarked
(Less sad of speech than mad),
"I hate a car that bucks and balks!
I think it is too bad!
I wish that I had stayed at home—
I really wish I had!"

"We've lost our way! We've broken down!
We won't get home for years!
That last collision bent the clutch,
And smashed the thing that steers."
Then, like the car, she too broke down
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

SEPTEMBER 5-11, 1909

SUN. 5

MON. 6

Labor Day.

TUES. 7

WED. 8

THUR. 9

FRI. 10

SAT. 11

Greeting to an Automobile.

H O, Automobile!
You think yourself a wonder,
Don't you?
Well,
You are.
You're a good thing,
But you don't need to be pushed along,
Because you can push yourself.
That's what you're here for.
I suppose you think
You travel on your shape;
H'm—
Well,—
How would you like
To be the ice-wagon?
Because
You're not much more graceful.
But you're all right.
Only,—
It seems a pity
To think that, in a few years,—
Say about 1910 or 1920,—
You'll be so improved
That what you are now
Would make a cow laugh.
But you can't help that;
It depends on us
To hurry on the improvement,
And
We'll do it!
Then, if we have another war,
We'll engage your services,
And then
We can have
Automobilization,
Which would be a good thing.
So,
Automobile,
Just go ahead,
And do the best you can.
We all like you,
And welcome you,
And some time
We'll write your
Automobiography.



SEPTEMBER 12-18, 1909

SUN. 12

MON. 13

TUES. 14

WED. 15

THUR. 16

FRI. 17

SAT. 18

Memories.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The car I used to drive,
It started out right gallantly,
But never would arrive.
The commutator wouldn't work,
The jump-spark wouldn't play;
Then suddenly 'twould give a jerk
That took my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
How nothing would stay right;
The aspiration pipe got loose,
The carbureter tight;
The steering-knuckle broke one day;
'Twas just before we met
A heedless old pedestrian,—
The man is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
The curves I used to swing;
I thought that twenty miles an hour
Was speed like anything!
The car seemed like a feather then,
That seems so heavy now,
And punctured tires could not disperse
The smiles that wreathed my brow.

I remember, I remember,
That little runabout;
It always skidded, slipped and bucked,
And calmly threw me out.
I have a Palace Flyer now,
But still 'tis little fun—
For I am far less satisfied
Than when I first begun.

SEPTEMBER 19-25, 1909

SUN. 19

MON. 20

TUES. 21

WED. 22

THUR. 23

FRI. 24

SAT. 25



OCTOBER



THE Zodiacal sign for October is the Black Cat.

This is a weird and mysterious beast, with yellow eyeballs and bristling fur. Those born under this sign are witches and wizards. Their aim is to bamboozle the public. If men they adopt the calling of Mental Healers or Patent-medicine Manufacturers. If feminine they are chorus girls, or just plain charmers. They hoodwink the public in many ways, and on All-Hallow Eve they perform magic rites and have a lot of fun. All people born under this sign are magicians and can do whatever they choose. Hermann the Great was probably born in October, also T. Roosevelt.

Proverbs of New York Streets.

A NEW Broome street's clean.

The Broadway leadeth to destruction.

Stone Wall streets do not a prison make.

How old is Ann street?

A Bowling Green gathers no moss.

Never say Dey street.

Oh, Liberty street, what crimes are committed in thy name!

Division street is as bad.

A Rose street by any other name would smell as sweet.

A Little W. Twelfth street is a dangerous thing.

King street can do no wrong.

A good name is rather to be chosen than Great Jones street.

Better Laight street than never.

He asked for bread and they gave him a Stone street.

SEPTEMBER 26-OCTOBER 2, 1909

SUN. 26

MON. 27

TUES. 28

WED. 29

THUR. 30

FRI. 1

SAT. 2

Bubbles of Wisdom.

ACCIDENTS will happen in the best-regulated machines.

A man is known by the chauffeur he keeps.

A fool and his auto are soon parted.

In a multitude of counselors there is trouble.

The auto makes the mare go.

A little bubble is a dangerous thing.

The auto makes the world go 'round.

An automobile is the route of all evil.

Auto goggles alter faces.

Many hands make the old thing work.

A toot to the guys is sufficient.

A good road is rather to be chosen than great ditches.

The automobile is the mother of detention.

An automobile, now and then,

Is purchased by the wisest men.

Amnesty is the best policy.

Only a fool never changes his machine.

No man is a hero to his chauffeur.

All that a man hath will he give for an automobile.

Autos are stubborn things.

Oh, chauffeur, chauffeur, what crimes are committed in thy name!

An automobile by any other name would smell as sweet.

The automobile levels all cranks.

Never trouble bubbles till bubbles trouble you.

Automobiles corrupt good manners.

He whose auto runs away

May live to ride another day.

There's no fool like an auto fool.

The safest way 'round is the shortest way home.

Prove all machines. Hold good that which is fast.

Chauffeurs never hear any good of themselves.

People who live in nice houses shouldn't throw stones.

OCTOBER 3-9, 1909

SUN. 3

MON. 4

TUES. 5

WED. 6

THUR. 7

FRI. 8

SAT. 9

A Chromo in Prose.

PRISCILLA looked longingly at her old, worn gown, and sighed. The gown hung dejectedly on a hook. It was a common iron hook. Priscilla sat with her pretty dimpled chin in her hands and gazed at the frayed folds and the ragged ruffles. Priscilla was fair and young, and the gown was old and gray; but Priscilla looked longingly at her old, worn gown, and sighed.

Other gowns hung near; marvelous robes of satin and velvet; tea-gowns which were dreams; dinner-dresses with bell-skirts; traveling gowns; prints and princess robes; walking suits with Russian blouses; all hung there in full view, and each seemed silently to claim the maiden's favor.

But Priscilla frowned upon them all in turn, and sadly gazed again at the old, worn gown. And the sun shone brightly, and the horns of the automobiles honked, and far down-town the shop-windows displayed their glittering baubles.

And Priscilla looked longingly at her old, worn gown, and sighed:

"I wish I could wear it," she slowly said, "it has a pocket in it."

OCTOBER 10-16, 1909

SUN. 10

MON. 11

TUES. 12

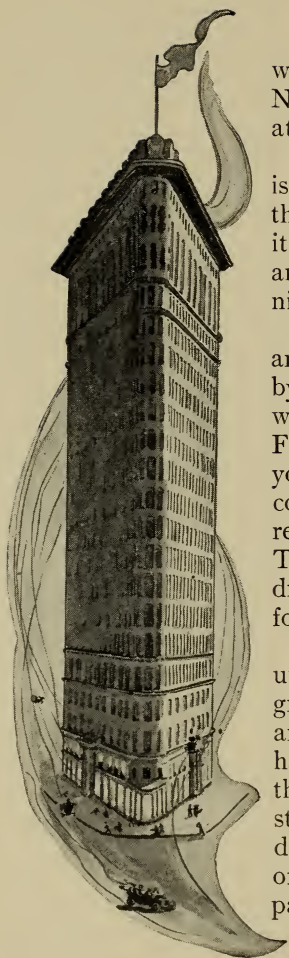
WED. 13

THUR. 14

FRI. 15

SAT. 16

The Flatiron.



THIS building is a modern invention for raising the wind. One end of it is fastened to New York city, but the other is unattached.

It has been said that the Flatiron is as beautiful as the Parthenon, but this is doubtless flatirony. However, it is useful to decorate postal-cards, and to illuminate the city on election night.

But, like Melrose Abbey, to be seen aright, the Flatiron must be visited by pale moonlight. • Select a time when the moon is at the corner of Fifth Ave. and 22nd-st., then take up your own position at the southwest corner of Madison Square Park, directly at the base of Seward's statue. Those who have any appreciation of dramatic stage-setting will stand there for some time.

For a long time scientists were unable to discover the reason for the great gales that whirl and blow around the Flatiron Building; but it has been found that they originate in the airs that come out of the music-store on the first floor every time the door is opened. These brisk breezes often cause a flurry in women's apparel; but New York women have learned to walk calmly through the cyclone, relying on this adage:

“Take care of your hats, and your gowns will take care of themselves.”

OCTOBER 17-23, 1909

SUN. 17

MON. 18

TUES. 19

WED. 20

THUR. 21

FRI. 22

SAT. 23

The Heart of the City.

BETWEEN the Flatiron and the Times
I often make up foolish rhymes;
For in that noisy, glittering mart
I feel the city's beating heart.
'Tis but a stage, and all men mimes,
Between the Flatiron and the Times.

Between the Flatiron and the Times
There are committed gravest crimes;
Patrician or plebeian knaves
Delude their victims and their slaves.
Some sin for fortunes, some for dimes,
Between the Flatiron and the Times.

Between the Flatiron and the Times
Light laughter rings and music chimes;
The gayest, happiest hours are spent,
Glad hearts o'erflow with merriment;
All types are there—all years—all climes—
Between the Flatiron and the Times.

OCTOBER 24-30, 1909

SUN. 24

MON. 25

TUES. 26

WED. 27

THUR. 28

FRI. 29

SAT. 30



NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER'S Zodiacal sign is the Turkey. People born in November are always born hungry.

This trait remains with them through life. In November comes Thanksgiving Day, an occasion which makes gobblers of us all. Citizens born under the sign of the Turkey are pompous, loud-voiced, and apt to strut about in a lordly manner. But pride must have a fall and their heads are often cut off by the hatchet of Fate. Mary Queen of Scots was born under this sign, also several other noted Sovereigns, and some notorious Americans.

Election Day.

ELECTION DAY is a lovely holiday. Usually it falls on a pleasant day in the fall, when the leaves and the mugwumps are turning, and the candidates are wishing themselves many happy returns of the day. It is always a pleasant little game to find out when Election Day will be celebrated. There is a fascinating uncertainty about it, as it usually occurs on the first Monday after the second Tuesday, or something like that. But it is always a satisfactory occasion; for the shops are open in the morning, the theaters in the afternoon, and the whole town at night.

OCTOBER 31—NOVEMBER 6, 1909

SUN. 31
Hallowe'en.

MON. 1

TUES. 2
Election Day.

WED. 3

THUR. 4

FRI. 5

SAT. 6

The A B C of Golf.

A was an Amateur, playing his best.
B was the Ball which he gayly addressed.
C was the Caddie who followed him 'round.
D was the Driver which dug up the ground.
E was the Eye which he kept on the ball.
F was the Foursome he played in the fall.
G was the Golf which he *thought* that he played.
H was the Hazard that left him dismayed.
I was the Iron which he used fairly well.
J was the Jerk which he couldn't make tell.
K was the Knuckling of Knees he essayed.
L was the Links where the great game was played.
M was the Mashie, the club he liked best.
N was the Niblick, he thought that a pest.
O was the Odds they gave him each game.
P was the Putter which often missed aim.
Q was the Quarter-swing, this made him mad.
R was the Running Approach, quite as bad.
S was the Stymie he tried to get by.
T was the Tee which he built up too high.
U was the Utilization of Wind.
V was the Vanity shown when he grinned.
W was the Waggle he gave ere he played.
X the Excuses he frequently made.
Y was his Youth, which for much was to blame.
Z was the Zest which he brought to the game.

NOVEMBER 7-13, 1909

SUN. 7

MON. 8

TUES. 9

WED. 10

THUR. 11

FRI. 12

SAT. 13



The Hippodrome.

ONCE there was a man who went to the Hippodrome. And when he got there and saw all its marvels, he said: "It can't be real—I must be hippodreaming." But he liked it so much that he said: "Is this a hippodream? Then let me dream again."

So the next night he hippodrome again, and this time he hippodreamed that he liked it better than ever. And he got the habit, and as he entered the lobby he always hummed softly: "I hippodrome I dwelt in marble halls." At last he began to wonder what might be the derivation of the word "hippodrome," and as he was long on scholarly lore, he knew that *hippo* was Greek for horse. So he realized that the whole thing was a horse dream, otherwise translated nightmare.

NOVEMBER 14-20, 1909

SUN. 14

MON. 15

TUES. 16

WED. 17

THUR. 18

FRI. 19

SAT. 20

Thanksgiving Day.

WHEN autumn brings around the day
Devoted to Thanksgiving,
The children scream with laughter gay
For very joy of living.



And every sort of escapade
Receives their commendation;
But all agree a masquerade
Is best for celebration.



The boys and girls all swarm around,
The crowd is hourly growing;
Straw-hatted and grotesquely gowned,—
With tin horns loudly blowing.



But dear old dames with snowy puffs,
Tulle caps and Mechlin laces,
Don't scramble out and join the toughs
In boys' clothes and false faces!



NOVEMBER 21-27, 1909

SUN. 21

MON. 22

TUES. 23

WED. 24

THUR. 25

Thanksgiving Day.

FRI. 26

SAT. 27



DECEMBER

ZODIACAL SIGN: The Reindeer. The whole month of December is given over to the influence of the Santa Clausian species of Reindeer. People born under this sign are full of peace and good-will. Their voices are like chimes of bells, and their hearts are large and loving. Even though of a cold and frosty exterior, they have a warm and generous nature beneath. They are never so happy as when they are giving something, if it's only a bit of advice, or a piece of their mind. In December people give no thought to the Past or the Future. They think only of the *Present*.

The Land of Loo-la-lee.

(*A Nonsense Song.*)

COME with me, oh, come with me,
To the land of Loo-la-lee,
Where the pickles and the nickles
Grow upon the tubsy tree;
Where the cows wear ruffled dresses
Made of wax and water-cresses;
Where the parrots live on carrots
And the owls drink taffy tea.

Come with me across the sea
To the land of Loo-la-lee,
Where the golden-haired canaries
Row their boats across the prairies;
Where the whaley dances gayly
As upon his tail he spins,
Holding fans in all his fins.
Oh, such merry things you'll see
In the land of Loo-la-lee!
Come with me, oh, come with me!

NOVEMBER 28-DECEMBER 4, 1909

SUN. 28

MON. 29

TUES. 30

WED. 1

THUR. 2

FRI. 3

SAT. 4

When Santa Claus and Cupid Met.

(*A Legend.*)

WHEN Santa Claus and Cupid met
One day, the boy flew in a pet
About some berries small and red.
"They're mine! I want them!" Cupid said.
But Santa Claus replied, "What folly!
Why, child, this is my Christmas holly."
"I don't care!" cried the angry elf,
"I want those berries for myself!"
A teardrop shone in either eye.
"Tut, tut!" said Santa Claus; "don't cry;
I'll keep my holly berries red,
These white ones you may have instead."
"All right," and Cupid gayly smiled
(He's nothing but a silly child).
"The white ones just as well will do;
I rather think they're prettier, too."
So, ever since at Christmas merry
Santa Claus brings the holly berry.
But Cupid (as perhaps you know),
Brings for his gift the mistletoe.

DECEMBER 5-11, 1909

SUN. 5

MON. 6

TUES. 7

WED. 8

THUR. 9

FRI. 10

SAT. 11

Out of All Proportion.

ON Christmas eve, as pretty Jane came tripping down the stair,

The spicy smell of Christmas greens pervaded all the air.
“Now this I cannot understand,” said Jane. “Why is it so?
A hundred sprays of holly and but one of mistletoe!”

DECEMBER 12-18, 1909

SUN. 12

MON. 13

TUES. 14

WED. 15

THUR. 16

FRI. 17

SAT. 18

Her Christmas Shopping.

WHY do I have to shop?
Upon my word,
'Tis utterly absurd
The way I race
And chase
From place to place!
The way I madly run from store to store,
The bargains looking o'er;
Trying to find some novel gift for Anne,
Or Dan,
Or Nan,
Or hunting something new for Uncle Steve;
Seeking strong toys
For Gertrude's boys,—
They'd break a cannon-ball, I do believe!
And all I buy, no doubt
The children would be better off without.
Nor do their elders care a cent about
The little silver things, or blue delft clocks,
Burnt leather fancy-work, embroidered stocks,
Which they mendaciously pronounce the very
Things they desire to make their Christmas merry!
Ah, well,
If I the truth must tell,
I do the same;
My fellow-sufferers I ought not to blame.
So on I go, like any jaded hack;
Buying, exchanging, often sending back.
Pushed by the populace, jammed by the crowd,
Muttering imprecations deep, not loud.
So on I go,—
And somehow, do you know?
I rather like it after all.
Were I a millionaire, with servants at my call,
To none would I entrust
My Christmas shopping. No, I ever must
Do that myself. It is my great delight
To shop at Christmastide from morn till night.

DECEMBER 19-25, 1909

SUN. 19

MON. 20

TUES. 21

WED. 22

THUR. 23

FRI. 24

SAT. 25

Christmas.



A Spendthrift.

THE year was departing—the very last day
 Of the month of December was passing away—
 When old Mother Earth, with a slight quake of fear,
 Said: “Father Time, please, could you spare me a year?”
 “Zounds, Madam!” cried Time; “another year? No!
 Where’s the one that I gave you a twelvemonth ago?”
 “I spent it,” replied Mother Earth, looking down;
 “You did?” thundered Time with a menacing frown;
 “Then give an account; if wisely ’twas spent,
 And none of it wasted, perhaps I’ll relent.”
 “I spent it as usual,” confessed Mother Earth,
 “In the pursuit of happiness, pleasure and mirth.”
 “What have you to show for it?” Father Time said.
 “Alas, I have nothing”; and Earth hung her head;
 “But if you will give me a new year to-night,
 I’ll make earnest resolves to spend it aright.”
 Time reached for his wallet and took out a year,
 Saying: “Those resolutions are worn out, I fear;
 But it’s growing quite late, so take this one, then,”
 And he gave Mother Earth 1910.

DECEMBER 26-31, 1909

SUN. 26

MON. 27

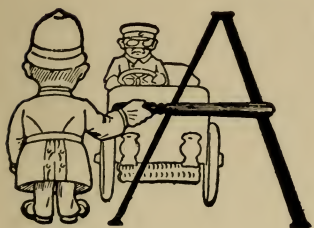
TUES. 28

WED. 29

THUR. 30

FRI. 31

A Metropolitan Guide-book and Dictionary of Later New York.*



ACCIDENT—In case you are run over by an automobile or a trolley car, ask the nearest policeman to take you to a drug-store. Do not worry about the chauffeur or the motorman; they will look out for themselves.

Ambulance—In case you are run over by an ambulance, jump in.

Apartment Houses—Tenements in which flats conceal themselves under assumed names.

Art Galleries—(See Europe.)

Ashes—(See Street Cleaning Dept., or telephone to them.)

Battery, The—A shady part of Manhattan Island. (See Assault and Battery.)

Beaver Street—One of the first streets laid out in the city. In 1650 it was called the Beaver Graft, but since then graft has been transferred farther up-town.

Blackwell's Island—One of the city's waterside resorts to which New-Yorkers frequently go for an outing. The residences on the Island are large and imposing, and the majority are handsomely built of granite, in a feudal style of architecture. The residents are people of strong character and conservative in their habits, though occasionally they let themselves go. Those whose achievements entitle them to a sojourn on the Island may receive free passes and transportation, and many are admitted on the strength of their convictions.

Bowery, The—As its name implies, this is a shady lane, in which green things appear and are welcomed with delight.

Breweries—There are eighty-nine breweries in New York city, and more are in process of construction. (See W. C. T. U.)

A Metropolitan Guide-book—(*Continued*).

Bridges—New York has two kinds of bridge—the Brooklyn Bridge and Bridge Whist. Patrons of both experience moments of great suspense. The total expense of each is about the same.

Broadway—Broadway is divided into two parts, day and night. Except on cloudy or stormy days, one part is as bright and light as the other.

Bronx Park—A large farm in the outlying district to the north, where a Zoo is said to exist. By the time you have found it, it will be time to return home—unless you went the week before.

Brooklyn—The support for the other end of the Bridge.

Coffee Exchange—Victims of the coffee habit may here exchange the pernicious berry for neat packages of harmless substitutes made out of cornhusks, nutshells, or Boston brown-bread crumbs.

Concerts—The name under which theatrical performances are given on Sunday.

Consuls—Officials whom it is proper to consult if you are a foreigner. They will refer you to the Police, who will in turn refer you to the Charitable Societies, who will refer you to the Police, who will refer you to the Consuls, who will advise you to consult a lawyer.

Cook's Tours—(See Intelligence Offices.)

Costumes—(See Churches.)

Daughters of the Revolution—A society of the feminine descendants of Revolutionary patriots.

Daughters of the American Revolution—An organization of Dames, who created a Revolution in the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, and made a Declaration of Independence therefrom.

Department Stores—These are the urban development of the original country store. In them everything may be bought and everybody sold. On certain days there are Bargain

A Metropolitan Guide-book—*(Continued).*

Sales. These occasions are greatly enjoyed by the ladies, as they offer all the delightful crush and jam of an afternoon tea, without any necessity for good manners.

Dog Fanciers—Persons with this peculiar partiality may patronize any of the hot frankfurter stands or pushcarts.

Eden Musée—A place of entertainment where there are exhibited wax figures made up to look unlike noted people of the day.

Elysian Fields—(Don't see Hoboken.)

Harlem—A station at the other end of the Subway.

Hell Gate—(See Subway Entrance.)

Licenses—Special permits which must be obtained before one can sell gunpowder or kerosene, found a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or write poetry.

Manhattan Island—Twenty-two square miles of the Strenuous Life.

Perambulators—(See Seeing Brooklyn.)

Society of the Cincinnati—Composed of descendants of commissioned officers of the American Army in the War of the Revolution.

Sons of the Revolution—Composed of descendants of soldiers of the American Army in the War of the Revolution, who were snubbed by the Society of the Cincinnati.

Sons of the American Revolution—Composed of descendants of the soldiers of the American Army in the War of the Revolution, who were snubbed by the Sons of the Revolution.

Stock Exchange—This building is so constructed that it is largely made up of corners, but a seat on the floor of the house may be had for eighty thousand dollars. Although not advertised as a zoo, its inmates are bulls, bears, and lambs, all of whom are endeavoring to keep the wolf from the door. (Cf. *Wild Animals I Have Known*.)

A Metropolitan Guide-book —(*Continued*).

Weather Bureau—This organization doesn't know its own mind from one minute to another. When it wants certain kinds of weather, it hangs out various flags as signals, but before the weather signaled for has a chance to come, the Bureau whips in those flags and puts out others. It is owing to this indecision of character that the Weather Bureau is unable to predict certainly the weather for any day, and shelters itself behind such terms as "partly cloudy," "winds mostly variable," and "periodically foggy." The Bureau is located on the top of the loftiest skyscrapers of New York, and is a most interesting place to see. (No visitors allowed.)

Woman's Exchange—(See Divorce Court.)



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